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Vol. CLVII. No. 2036

London
July 3, 1940



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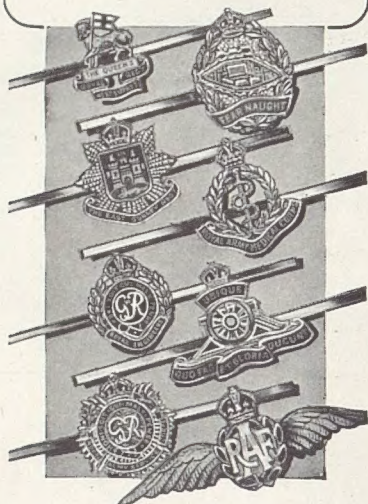


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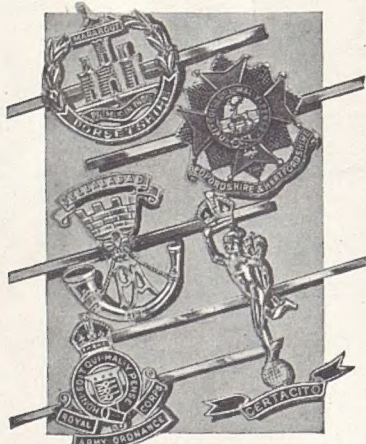


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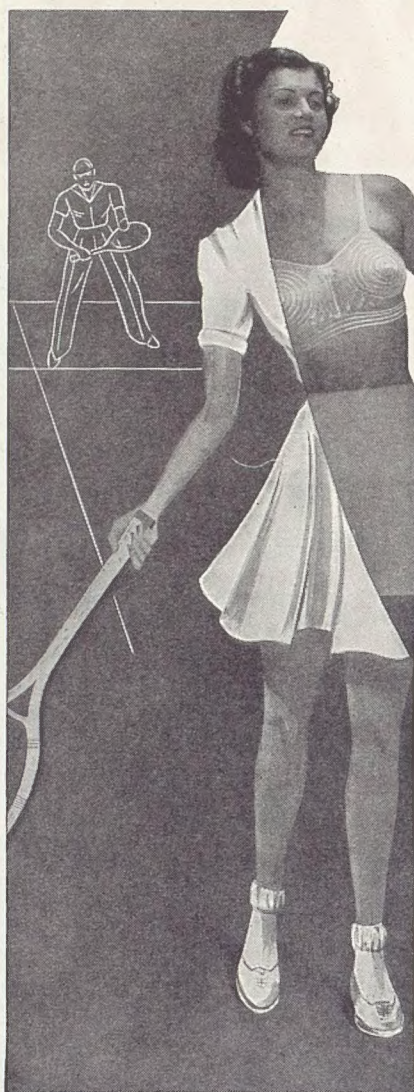
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THE TATLER

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PETAINE ANSWERED—GENERAL DE GAULLE IN LONDON

Head of the French National Committee formed in London to carry on the war, the General is under fifty, newly promoted and a tank advocate and expert. Reynaud hand-picked him for his Defence Ministry. His broadcast last week was a complete and soldierly reply to Marshal Petain. "Foresight," in "The Way of the War" (page 2), throws new light on this patriotic Frenchman and his activities. With the General in the above photograph is M. André Fenez, of the French Military Mission



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

The King's Part

Left for a time to fight almost unaided the battle for western civilization, it is natural the thoughts of the British Empire should turn to the King, who in his own person constitutes the one tangible link in this greatest world-wide structure. The Empire and its Allies—for we still have many—are fortunate to have so steadfast and courageous a monarch as leader in these hours.

Since King George VI came to the throne, in circumstances by no means easy, he has shown in countless ways his high sense of service to his people and their interests. Aided and supported at every stage by Queen Elizabeth, he has shirked no task which he has been asked to perform and has undertaken on his own sole initiative countless duties which in one way or another have advanced the causes of freedom and Christianity.

As a constitutional monarch jealous of the Constitution he has not sought to assert all of his undoubted rights and privileges. If from time to time his own convictions have been at variance with the advice tendered by his Ministers, he has so far been content to counsel rather than to overrule. Twice during the tense weeks of the battle for the ports and the battle for France, King George yielded reluctantly to Ministerial opposition.

His Desire to Visit the Front

In the last testing days of the rearguard action which culminated in the evacuation from Dunkirk the King begged that he might be allowed to visit the British Army in the field. He felt that in some degree he must share the trials of the troops and, by his presence, show them that all Britain was with them in their heroic struggle. Knowing the extreme hazards of such a journey in the then confused state of the fighting, the Cabinet doubtless felt that it could not acquiesce in His Majesty's wishes.

Again when the battle for France was squarely joined and the French armies, stiffened by all the freshly equipped troops which Britain could then throw in, were yielding under the ferocious pressure of the German forces, King George urged strongly that he should pay a visit to the headquarters of General Weygand. Such a visit, he felt, might have a heartening effect, symbolizing in graphic manner the absolute solidarity of Britain with France in this time of test and trial.

We now know that this was the moment when the French Supreme Command was beginning to insist that M. Paul Reynaud must obtain release for the French Government from its solemn pledge to Britain in no circumstances to conclude a separate peace. It is easy to understand how, in such circumstances, King George, recalling the enthusiasms of their Majesties' State visit to Paris only last summer, felt impelled



POLAND'S C.-IN-C. IN ENGLAND

General Ladislaus Sikorski, Poland's C.-in-C. and Premier, leaving 10 Downing Street with (left) Major-General Hastings Ismay, Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence. At the back is Count Edward Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador



PRINCESS RADZIWILL AND CAPTAIN B. MOSCICKI

Prince and Princess Radziwill arrived safely in England after having twice eluded capture by the Germans. Princess Radziwill has been running a war hospital in the South of France; Prince Radziwill has been fighting with the French Army, and he and his wife were reunited on the bridge of the steamer which brought them to safety. Captain Moscicki, son of a former President of Poland, has been wounded in the recent bitter fighting

to go in person to speak words of encouragement to the hard-pressed armies through their Supreme Commander and to strengthen the resolve of the French Government and people. It is less easy to understand why His Majesty's wish was not granted.

Poland is Here

The arrival in London of General Sikorski, Prime Minister of Poland, at the head of another allied government forced to transfer its temporary seat to the British Isles, provided King George with an undeniable opportunity to demonstrate his profound enthusiasm for the cause which Britain and France espoused. Nothing could have been more deeply appreciated than his decision to be present in person at the railway station to welcome the Polish Government to London.

On all hands one hears nothing but praise and admiration for the valour of the Polish divisions wherever they have been engaged, in Norway, in Flanders and in France. It is a matter for profound regret that so large a number of these splendid troops should have been forced across the frontier, by overwhelming enemy forces, to internment in neutral Switzerland. Presently, we shall hear epic tales of how another division and a half cut their way through four German motorized divisions south of Paris and succeeded in reaching the Atlantic coast in time to be carried away to safety in England.

Immediately on its establishment in Britain the Polish Government undertook a necessary work—spring cleaning. During its stay at Angers it had become unjustifiably swollen in numbers, posts having been created rather on the basis of providing appointments and incomes for distinguished Polish refugees than on a strictly utilitarian conception.

The Duke of Windsor

It was natural that rumour and report should be busy with the probable future plans of the Duke of Windsor from the moment when it became clear that all France was about to pass under enemy control. Several weeks earlier the duchess, whose nervous system had reacted badly to air raid warnings and other sources of tension in Paris, had proceeded to the Riviera, accompanied by the duke.

His Royal Highness is an officer in the British Army and though there was no reason to believe that he would be treated with other than the utmost courtesy by the forces of occupation—he has for long been a popular favourite at Berchtesgaden—his position would have become equivocal had he remained on French soil. Probably, in all the circumstances, it will be thought easier to arrange for the duke and duchess to take up residence in Britain for the remainder of the war.

General de Gaulle—Delicate Problems

By creating a focal point for continued resistance to the Axis Powers, General de Gaulle undoubtedly gave expression to the wish of very many Frenchmen and French

(Continued on page 4)



LADY DIANA COOPER AND LADY JELlicoe

Who were in charge of a stall at the Dorchester. Lady Diana is the wife of our outspoken Minister of Information, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, and Lady Jellicoe the mother of the present earl



STARTING OUT WITH FRESH SUPPLIES

Mrs. Madge Bolton, who organized a stall at Claridges, had with her Miss Hannah Marks, Lady Poulett (formerly Miss Oriel Ross, the actress), and Miss Josephine Wray, the operatic singer

ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY IN WARTIME



FIVE MORE WILLING HELPERS

Mrs. Maurice Smith, Countess de Reneville, who was in charge of Queen Charlotte's Hospital stand, Mrs. N. Heseltine, Princess Xenia, daughter of Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia, and Miss Yvonne Denson outside Grosvenor House



ROSE SELLERS AT THE SAVOY

Lady Reeves Smith and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage. Sir George Reeves Smith is managing director of the Savoy group of hotels, and Mrs. Gamage is a daughter of Lord Hirst and a tireless worker in the cause of charity



FLOWER SELLERS FOR CHARITY

(On left): Outside the Dorchester are seen Miss Yvette Baillieu, a member of the well-known Australian family, with Lady Gwendoline Latham, eldest sister of Lord Jellicoe and wife of Colonel Edward Latham

The Way of the War—(Continued from page 2)

women not only in Britain but throughout France's territories. Essentially a soldier—a first-class soldier both in theory and on the field of battle—his prompt declarations by radio while the Petain Government was organizing capitulation were of the greatest value. Being more soldier than politician it was not surprising that he trod on a good many toes in the course of developing his appeal; notably in declaring that the French National Committee which he was forming would "take under its jurisdiction all French citizens on British territory" and would "assume the direction of all administrative and military bodies" who were or might later be in Britain.

True, it was added that the Committee would "get into touch with such bodies in order to call for their participation." But the brisk and soldierlike form of the preceding announcement created something of a problem for the French Embassy staff and the personnel of the numerous military and economic missions which had assembled in Britain during nine months of war with the object of co-ordinating every aspect of the Anglo-French war effort.

Had General de Gaulle had the benefit of the presence in London at that time of a few experienced French politicians, of the type of M. Reynaud, M. Mandel and others, the new enterprise could probably have been launched more smoothly. As it was, the British Government, in the first flush of indignation against the betrayal in Bordeaux, announced its recognition of the Provisional French National Committee as the authority with which it would deal on all matters related to prosecution of the war, at the same time declaring that it could no longer recognize Marshal Petain and his colleagues as the Government of an independent country. Reflection, induced by urgent representations of M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, to Lord Halifax suggested that this action was too sweeping and precipitate; might play into the hands of the pro-Nazi French group who were working ceaselessly to induce hatred of Britain among the French people. M. Paul Reynaud himself was of that opinion and found means of conveying it some days later to Mr. Churchill.

The Offer of Union—Too Late?

Indications were not wanting that there existed in France itself, as well as among Frenchmen abroad, the strongest conviction that the struggle should have been continued rather than accept armistice terms which, by two successive blows, reduced a great nation to the status of a small country without independent powers of government, production or communication; in brief, an insignificant vassal state, helpless and hopeless. Historians will doubtless regard as sensational the British offer to fuse the governments, commands, resources and fates of France and Britain into a single Union, proposed as it was at a moment when the other partner was sinking broken to its knees.

Knowing as they will that M. Paul Reynaud and M. Georges Mandel had been pleading for just such a union during eight anxious months they may see this as the supreme example of Britain's recently developed genius for being too late. And what inferences for the future of Parliamentary control will they draw from an offer of such surpassing magnitude and importance, projected for world publication as a *fait accompli*, without so much as a hint to Parliament of what was intended?



MADAME TABOUIS

The famous French political journalist of *L'Œuvre* who was lucky to get away just in time, and came to England in a refugee ship. Mme Tabouis' outspoken comments have not made her exactly *persona grata* with the common enemy



NEWS OBSERVERS BACK FROM
THE WAR ZONE

Two famous B.B.C. war observers, the Hon. Edward Ward, who has made a great reputation for himself from the Finnish operations onward, Mr. Bernard Stubbs and Mr. R. T. Clark, senior news editor of the B.B.C. The picture was taken almost immediately after the return from France

Fourteen Votes to Ten

It is interesting now to reflect that this proposal, reaching M. Paul Reynaud's Government on June 23 as it debated the urgent demands of Marshal Petain and General Weygand for armistice negotiations, was rejected by only fourteen votes to ten. That the Reynaud Ministry was defeated on this of all issues—capitulation to Germany or union with Britain—shows the extent of the Nazi-Fascist intrigues in which M. Laval and his friends had been indulging and their absolute determination to seize this grim opportunity to force them to fruition.

Under the new Europe, re-ordered as they believe it will be by Hitler, M. Laval, M. Bonnet, M. Flandin, M. de Monzie and a few more reckon on becoming *gauleiters* of considerable importance. But in other occupied German territories the home-grown Nazi has found himself invariably at a discount once the German-made article has obtained power to dominate the market. Who hears now of Czechoslovak President Hacha, of Major Quisling of Norway, M. Degrelle of Belgium or one or two more? They may have jobs—of a kind—but the power to direct affairs is not theirs, I fancy.

The French Fleet

In all the circumstances it was understandable that the British Government, after prolonged deliberation—concluded for the first time in the Cabinet's own air raid shelter—should have decided that the strongest measures must be taken to prevent the ships of the French Fleet from regaining their home ports with a view to being "dismantled" under Italo-German supervision. There was no desire to compel Frenchmen to fight if their hearts were no longer in the business. So much was recognized in respect of the French troops rescued from Dunkirk and brought to Britain as in the case of the crews of French warships lying in British ports.

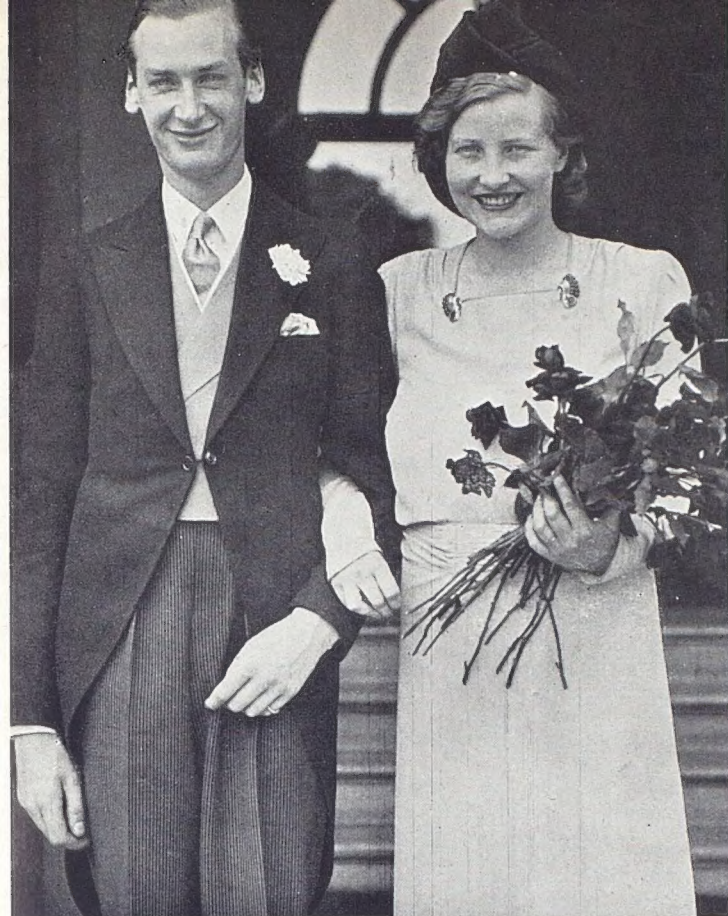
Nor could there be any point in retaining and feeding in these congested islands French refugees who now preferred to return to their uneasy homes. But to have acquiesced in presentation to an unscrupulous enemy of French armaments actually in British physical possession would have been an obvious act of folly. Indeed, it was the Cabinet view that no measures must be excluded from the actions which might be necessary to deprive Germany of this addition to her armed strength.

Firmness in the East

With events moving so swiftly prophecy is a dangerous profession. Yet it was obvious that so long as General Nogués, the stout-hearted Commander-in-Chief of French North Africa, declined to obey the instructions of Bordeaux to surrender, Italian armies would have to fight to impose the demilitarizations awarded them under the armistice. Italian troops in contact with the British Army in Egypt and East Africa have not exhibited much stomach for war and it looks as though Mussolini's African Empire is still far from being won by Italian bayonets. And no peace conference is immediately in sight.

Meanwhile Sir Miles Lampson, the British Ambassador in Egypt, has been asserting his avuncular influence on young King Farouk with the object of securing a more truly representative Government in Cairo. In the earlier days of his reign the young King, who has a strong will of his own, was apt to resent the Ambassador's insistence on matters regarded as vital for British interests. But Sir Miles has a breezy way with him and

(Continued on page 32)



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. EVELYN STURT

A wedding at Potterspurty of much interest to every one who has hunted in the Grafton country, for Lord Hillingdon, the bride's father, is a famous ex-Master and present acting Master for Lord Cadogan of those hounds. The bride is the former Hon. Penelope Mills



THE HON. WILLIAM AND MRS. LE POER TRENCH

The bridegroom is a half-brother of the present Lord Clancarty and the elder son of Mary, Lady Clancarty, and the bride the younger daughter of Sir William Younger and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley. The wedding was at St. Paul's, St. John's Wood



MR. AND MRS. CON DOUGLAS O'NEILL

Leaving All Souls', Langham Place, after their wedding on June 22. The bride, the former Miss Rosemary Pritchard, is the only daughter of the late Mr. Harold Pritchard, F.R.C.P., and of Mrs. Pritchard. Mr. O'Neill is the second son of the Hon. Sir Hugh and Lady O'Neill. Sir Hugh is a son of the late Lord O'Neill

JUNE WEDDINGS, NAVAL MILITARY AND CIVIL

The Eyre-Royds wedding (picture on right) was Royal Navy on both sides, as the bridegroom is a serving officer and the bride the former Miss Minna Mary Royds, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Royds and of Lady Royds. The wedding was at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



A ROYAL NAVAL WEDDING
LIEUTENANT AND MRS. RICHARD EYRE

POSSIBILITIES OF INVASION

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

THE focus of the struggle has narrowed down. There are far-flung actions in Africa and elsewhere, but the decisive spearhead points at the heart of our commonwealth—after piercing the heart of France. We know we shall *never* give in. Our teeth are clenched as an exalted moral strength fills us. We believe that against our white cliffs of England the Nazi colossus will break its back and collapse.

The Germans, on the crest of their wave, are liable, through an excess of confidence, to be ever more daring and bold. Nothing intoxicates like success, and it is then that most mistakes are made, *we* must hope so.

So far Hitler's programme has worked accurately, including the fall of Paris, which was correctly forecasted by him for the fifteenth of June. The German people have been promised that the war in the West will be over by next month. This means nothing less than that within five short weeks the total subjection of this island and Empire is seriously expected by the Germans. Could any planning be more bold? Its vast implications stagger the imagination. Certainly the word "impossible" has lost something of its former meaning in the light of recent events. We have seen the "impossibility" of forcing the Maginot Line, the "impossibility" of saving our gallant army from Dunkirk, the "impossibility" of large Italian acquisitions in the Mediterranean, and the "impossibility" of the French signing a separate peace. All of these have been made more than possible, they are accomplished facts.

After these unlikely events only a daring or foolish man would venture to prophesy.

It seems to us that the siege must be a very long one, and be doomed to failure if only bomb-blockade, torpedoes and sabotage are in store for us. Complete invasion by land forces seems indicated, and quickly, if an early German decision is to be reached. How then and by what stratagems might this invasion be undertaken? We have seen the method used against Norway, where also, a sea crossing was necessary. There the whole coast, and every harbour, was seized in one day, in spite of our command of the sea. A daring gamble was taken against the chance of meeting our fleet, and, thanks to the weather, they got away with it.

The weather being what it can be around our island, and the passage from the continent being now so short, our Navy obviously cannot definitely guarantee us against a hit-and-run raid, or even the landing of a division. But they can cut them off and send their subsequent supply transports to the bottom of the ocean. But we are entitled to expect (and demand) that the other element of the Norwegian undoing be eliminated—that the most drastic measures be continued to safeguard us against the fifth column peril. The other German offensives, also, have been launched on wide frontages. The strong points discovered are merely held, while the weakspots are reinforced and exploited rapidly. The Germans may well apply these tactics to our coasts with modifications to suit the amphibious character

of the operation. They may attempt to land forces on a wide front, and at very many places at once, in the hope of securing "bridge-heads" at one or two places, to which reinforcements might be poured and a definite wedge driven. Such a plan will involve risks, but the Germans have never hesitated to take bigger risks in their stride. Each force landed risks the chance of being "defeated in detail" before it can join up with the other landed parties.

Here at last, for the first time in the war, we will have "interior lines," and will be able to strike outwards from the centre. With their back to the sea, and their communications to the continent at the mercy of the Royal Navy and our bombers, their situation should not be an easy one. If a great many landings are attempted it will at first be difficult to ascertain to which front our reserves should be dispatched, and no doubt one or two feints will be made in order to draw off our forces to the wrong direction.

Some of the enemy's supplies are possible by air carriers but not that great volume they will need for the campaign of fierce fighting they will certainly be in for this time. The bulk of their stuff must run the gauntlet of our Navy, with little certainty of much reaching them.

In the tank world, also, we should have the advantage. They will always labour under the disadvantage of having to embark, transport, and disembark these heavy vehicles, even if they succeed in securing a port at this end. There are talks of hundreds of fast motor boats which will carry one or two tanks each, especially designed for this great invasion. This is far from impossible, but we are unlikely to see over here anything like the German tank hordes which ravished the fair

countryside of France. Apart from the difficulty of getting the things here, their huge appetite for petrol could not well be satisfied—if we assume that thorough methods are taken to ensure that none of our own local supply falls into their hands. On our side, we hear that a growing column of new tanks is now pouring forth from our factories, not only to replenish those we lost in France, but to form more Tank Brigades. So we are led to the conclusion that this time we shall have tank superiority, and that this time the Germans will be unable to employ their familiar tank break-through technique. If we can prevent them securing any ports, it might be safely said that we will have more than half won the campaign. In that event their position will closely resemble ours in Norway—for there the contest went against us, because they held all the ports (as we do now at home). But in spite of having command of the sea, we laboured on in Norway without winning a decent port until it was too late. On this reckoning, the German task here, without sea command, should be still more formidable, were it not for the fact that they still have air superiority in numbers, if not quality.

An enterprise such as the Germans now prepare for, demands assurance that, once landings have begun, they will be backed up by a strong flow of reinforcements, and supplies, such as poured through Oslo. With our meagre facilities at Namsos and Molde fjord, a thin trickle of men and material only was possible—such will be the German handicap unless they quickly gain control of some substantial harbour on our coast.

We might, therefore, expect them to make a dash at one of our ports, or to try to pinch it out by landing on either side of it.

We can be certain, anyway that they will, in this kind of operation, repeat the principle of maximum concentration of troops, planes, and ships at this decisive point. For each task they have undertaken, they have managed to effect a concentration at the decisive time, of a force superior to that against them. In accordance with this principle, before the war was begun, they secured their eastern flanks by their bargains with Russia and Italy.

Not until the Norwegian campaign was safely settled, was the attack in the West begun, and there, also, Holland and Belgium were eliminated before the final Battle of France was fought and maximum force became available to undertake it. The deplorable French armistice now releases everything Hitler has, and has captured, for a concentrated assault on our country. By force of circumstances, rather than by design, we also find ourselves more concentrated now than usual—but less so than our enemies, for our Eastern and Indian Armies, our colonial garrisons, are far from the decisive struggle.

Prepared for any rude surprises, we expect the unexpected which Hitler can produce so readily, determined to fight the epic battle of all History with every ounce we have, we know we cannot fail.



THE WAR SECRETARY
ON TOUR

Mr. Anthony Eden during a recent tour of the fortified areas of this country. "No battle can be won by standing on the defensive or even by successful counter-attack alone," he said in a confident broadcast last week



SIR FIROZKHAN NOON: HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA

The Hon. Malik Sir Firozkhan Noon, son of the Hon. Nawab Sir Malik Mohamed Hayat Noon, has been High Commissioner for India since 1936, when he succeeded Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra. Like his distinguished father he was educated at Chief's College, Lahore, the Eton of India, and afterwards he went up to Wadham, Oxford, and then to the Bar in the Punjab. Sir Firozkhan has inherited all the high administrative ability of his father, who is now a Member of the Council of State, and is the highest expression of what may be called Modern India. At a crisis such as the present one in the affairs of this Empire, it is fortunate indeed to number men of this calibre amongst those holding office of such heavy weight and importance. India's response in this crisis has been loyal and magnificent

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Irish Theatre

QUITE apart from the human tragedy which overshadows all other effects of war, war's insufferable infliction lies in the well-nigh mortal wound it gives to that side of only true civilisation which matters in the long run—the cultural side of everyday life. Whatever the out-

Perhaps never will have one; unless, as an individual, he is lucky enough to be able to be born, mature, develop to their full his finest capabilities, and die—between two world wars?

Maybe it is only a very minor disaster, yet as I was reading this history of "The Irish Theatre" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), edited

by Lennox Robinson, I resented spiritually all the time the fact that this, and so many other plans towards which cultured men and women had given their work, their money, their whole life, for the furtherance of the arts, should be of necessity so long paralysed by brute force that it might almost be said their effort had been worthless. I have always had a great affection for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin; not only because it has given the world some acting performances which remain in the memory far clearer than many a performance given by world-famous stars, but

pieces—dragged out from their dignified obscurity by the fact that often they allow of a fine acting performance by a star.

For instance, who nowadays worries very greatly over Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, which once caused such controversy? "What Shaw's tragi-comedy has become to us now," Mr. MacLiammoir writes, "is really an amusing portrait of Irish provincial life, with a few flagrantly untropical jokes that remind us vividly and tenderly of our fathers and mothers in the days of Redmond and Dillon and O'Brien, and the Cork Exhibition and the Merry Widow, and the last horse-tram on the Blackrock Road, not a serious picture of a country begging for self-government. I suppose it is what Ibsen's 'Doll's House' has presumably become to the Norwegians, which is, I should think, an extremely unprepossessing portrait of Norwegian provincial life, with no fragrant, untropical jokes, but a good deal of grim, Nordic, girlish fun, with a Christmas-tree and an ugly brown door (slammed tight) as a background to those unbelievably tedious and hypercritical mutton-chop whiskers and that brave and forlornly independent little bustle; just a faded old Bergen photograph, going yellow and mellow and dim, no longer the burning problem of a woman struggling for freedom."

Thoughts from "The Irish Theatre"

"NATIONALITY, like period, like family, like sex, like bodily make-up, like vocation, like class, is something we cannot

(Continued on page 10)



OWEN NARES AT HIS GRANDDAUGHTER'S CHRISTENING AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY

The child is the daughter of 2nd Lieutenant and Mrs. David Nares and was given the names of Caroline Harriett. The proud young parents are in the picture with the equally proud grandfather and grandmother. Owen Nares is at present playing lead in *Daphne du Maurier's* play, *Rebecca*, at the Queen's Theatre

come, civilisation, in its truest and highest human sense, recedes for at least a century after a major war. And Heaven knows each step took at least a century to attain! That the loftiest and purest human effort should, within a brief space of time, be destroyed by the barbarian-complex in a certain section of humanity is, at least, an affront to the dignity of the human species. It seems more than merely outrageous that a nation, such as modern Germany has proved itself to be, should have been able within a generation to destroy, or put back indefinitely, that kindlier, juster, more mentally spacious form of life which Democracy, with all its miscalculations and weaknesses, represents in its essence and, until so lately, was slowly and laboriously attaining its ideal.

Surely there is something wrong somewhere in the divine scheme when an uneducated sign-painter and a turn-coat journalist, jumped into power, can destroy that way of living, those institutions, that culture, that beauty of man's creativeness which almost alone differentiates humanity from the lesser animals, and destroy them almost on the instant, leaving the world a shambles and true progress almost a forlorn hope! When one realises all the movements which were afoot all over the world for the betterment of human happiness and health, for the refinement of human culture and mental development, which now stand paralysed, when not actually destroyed, awaiting the outcome of events in Britain, one doubts if it be merely mankind who has bungled his destiny and if, from the very beginning, he really ever had a chance!

because it sought also to interpret life itself on the stage and thus fulfil an aim which surely is the *raison d'être*, apart from the physical benefit of idle laughter, of the theatre as an important part of everyday life.

This story of its early struggles—struggles which without the high ideals which accompanied them would surely have been in vain—is a glorious tribute to the spirit of the pioneers who first started the movement towards a national Irish Theatre in the truest sense. Actually this book comprises the series of lectures which were delivered during the Abbey Theatre Festival held in Dublin in August 1938. But the fact that the contents are two years old matters nothing at all. The subject of each lecture will interest for all time. Apart from Mr. Andrew Malone's account of the theatre's early history, there is Frank O'Connor's interesting analysis of the work and ideals of Synge, and Lennox Robinson on the character and influence and contribution towards the success of the scheme by the late Lady Gregory. Mr. F. R. Higgins writes of Yeats and the poetic drama in Ireland, and Mr. Malone of the gradual change from poetry to realism which took place actually before the arrival of Sean O'Casey from nowhere to become among the most famous Irish dramatists of all. Mr. Ernest Blythe's lecture on the Gaelic drama is most interesting, yet the wittiest and most entertaining of them all comes from Michael MacLiammoir, the theatre's producer and one of its best actors. His subject is the problem play, which, all too often, is eventually killed as a play by its own problem. Even the best of them are, by their very nature, museum



MISS MOLLIE KAYE

A recent studio portrait of the attractive daughter of the late Sir Cecil Kaye, the well-known cipher expert of the last war. Miss Kaye has just brought off a best-seller with her first novel, *Six Bars at Seven*, published by Hutchinson, and the book has just gone into a second edition. The authoress is at the moment in Kashmir, writing its successor. Miss Kaye is also well known as an exceedingly clever artist, and it is thought that she will go far



PRINCIPAL BOY

The part of a gorgeous and resplendent Principal Boy of circa 1900 is superbly burlesqued by Frank Pettingell, who has many successful numbers in this really excellent Revue



SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

Reuben (Frank Pettingell), Phoebe (Nadine March), 'Arild (Hugh Latimer) and Garge (Wilfred Hyde White) are first seen in the local inn during the summer of 1939, very inarticulate, innocent and shy, withal a little outspoken on certain topics, but in the summer of 1940 they have become sophisticated and "precious"

"COME OUT
OF
YOUR SHELL,"
at the
CRITERION



THE SHOW MUST GO ON
Magda Kun, Wilfred Hyde White, Hugh Latimer and Frank Pettingell are an acrobatic family doing their familiar weight-lifting turn. One by one they are knocked out by the gigantic dumb-bell and carried off by stage hands, till only Father remains; then he too is hit on the head and sinks to the ground



DID YOU EVER?

Brian Buchel and Greta Gynt as the Psycho-analyst and Victim. She consults him and finds him most sympathetic, and soon the tables are turned and she is asking him leading questions that begin "Did You Ever?" Greta Gynt is a glamorous Norwegian actress who recently broadcast patriotic songs to Norway, and hoped to send a message to her mother by this means



(ON LEFT) PASTORALE

Greta Gynt as "the faithful little Shepherdess," with her swains, Hugh Latimer, Brian Buchel, Charles Peters and Wilfred Hyde White, who endeavour to lead her from the path of virtue

Photos.: Houston Rogers

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

escape. It is one of the things that condition us."

"Narrow nationalism breeds jealousy, and the outcome is war."

"Not to be on a side seems to me to show a fatal lack of the sense of what is worth getting out of life, unless, of course, one can be like Bernard Shaw and invent one's own side, in which case there is a grave danger that no one else would want to play with one."

"The presence of courage and of life is essential in the arts."

Provence Pleasantly Skimmed

I MUST confess that I found Mr. Basil Collier's light book of travel, "I Wore My Linen Trousers" (Dent; 15s.), more likely to appeal to the company of his family and friends than to the purely outside public. There is very little in it, apart from a delightful reflection of southern sunshine which pervades the book. The district covered is Avignon, Marseilles, the more threadbare towns of the Riviera, with Aix as the main jumping-off centre. As the whole land through which he sauntered is heavy with history, there are many pages of historical drama, briefly and brightly rewritten, so to speak, for our education. Otherwise the book is just a very pleasant account of a trivial holiday which the war brought to an end. I began to have my doubts concerning the book's value when, soon after it had commenced, Mr. Collier told us that he began to yearn for company. And that yearning included some English friends whom he knew were touring the district. I have always discovered that when a traveller is sick of his own company, no matter how much he is surrounded by new scenes and new beauties, he has very little more to tell us.

And this proved to be the case in "I Wore My Linen Trousers." Far too much of the book is cluttered up by his London friends, their bodily needs and their reactions to a foreign country; and although, as friends, I am sure they were all delightful, as individuals, who have been described to us but to whom we have not personally been introduced, they struck me as being quite uninteresting. Or rather, ordinary. But one lovely virtue the book undoubtedly has. The twenty-five photographs which illustrate it are superb. Moreover, when, if ever again for years, you intend yourself to tour Provence—for Nice, Monte Carlo and Cannes you will surely need no information—this book will be nice to skim through again in order to find out some pleasant drives and some eating-houses to visit or avoid. And, at any rate, the author's description of a bull-fight in Provence shows that it can, when demanded by the populace, be a very harmless and amusing, yet often exciting, affair.

A First-rate Novel

MR. MARTIN BOYD'S new novel, "Nuns in Jeopardy" (Dent; 7s. 6d.),

may not be every avid novel-reader's cup of tea, but personally I found it one of the best-written and most unusual novels I have read for a long time. The marvel is that it is so unusual, for the main theme is usual enough—in novels. A shipload of passengers, including a party of Anglo-Catholic nuns, are wrecked, in the Pacific Ocean. Most of them are drowned, but the nuns, some male passengers and a native manage at last to save themselves by landing on a tropical island; which at the moment of their arrival is uninhabited, though the last settler has left behind him a bungalow and a cultivated garden intact. Before I go on, however, let me tell you that already the author has described for us a shipwreck and the immediate effect it has on a number of diverse passengers, together, with the agonies of body and of mind endured by the members of a lifeboat gradually dying, it would seem, from hunger and thirst under a tropical sun—describing them to us in a way which is moving and vivid in the extreme, the more vivid and moving because the picture is not one of unmitigated horror and gloom.

Arriving on this island becomes psychologically thrilling in its account of how inescapable propinquity gradually disintegrated the character of some of the shipwrecked crew, while its influence for evil left, however, the more purely honest among them intact. The main fact, nevertheless, emerges that towards the end the real nature of each one of them has been laid bare. What had been pose, hypocrisy, self-delusion, fell away, until at last they stood revealed not only to each other, but, which was more important, to themselves. And as each character is distinct and definite, the revelation is really exciting. "Nuns in Jeopardy" may not turn out to be the novel of the season, but for me it was undoubtedly a novel of which any season might be proud.



WAITING ON THE WAITERS AT OXFORD

The Hon. Edward Douglas Home, a younger son of the Earl of Home, Lord Richard Percy, a brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and Mr. E. Domville serving head waiter Wyatt at the dinner given by some members of the Carlton Club, Oxford, to Shrimpton, the Steward, and Wyatt, both of whom have now gone to the war. The concluding item on the menu was Coffee, Wyatt or black

Thoughts from "Nuns in Jeopardy"

ONE can only endure material barrenness if it is compensated by spiritual richness."

"It is very easy to be rational when one has no desires."

"Young men are so smug. They think a girl's only salvation is to be found in bed with them."

"You can't escape your thoughts by going somewhere else. You take them with you."



PROFESSOR G. S. GORDON, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD

On his way to the Sheldonian Theatre for the wartime *enactment*, which were of necessity shorn of much of the usual brilliance. Professor Gordon presided over the very short proceedings, which consisted only of the Creweian Oration, which was delivered by Mr. J. G. Barrington Ward, of Christ Church, the Deputy Public Orator. Mr. Barrington Ward emphatically denied the rumours that the University was closing down for the duration of the war

"It seems to me that we begin life with a whole lot of thoughts we've brought from somewhere else, but God knows where they come from."

"Until we have lost everything, nothing has its true value. When we have lost everything we are left alone with our real selves. Then we can begin to make our outer things accord with those which are within. And that is the heaven we are all seeking, if we only knew it."

"It is as easy to be corrupted by one's virtues as by one's vices."

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES — No. 5



THE RETURN OF THE BEARDED LIONS — BY WING-COMMANDER E. C. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

The name of the ship concerned ought to be H.M.S. *Beaver*, but it happens to be something a bit more impulsive than that industrious and domesticated animal. The actual ship is very proud of the fact that all her officers and many of the crew have very handsome ginger beards. Their female belongings apparently do not approve. As a rule destroyers do not carry marines, known technically and impolitely as "Leathernecks," but one of them seems to have managed to leak into this picture, and as his Majesty's Jollies are compelled to be clean-shaven, he has completely wiped the eye of the A.B. seen in the middle distance of this exciting scene



A NEW ETON "BEAK"—THE CHIEF WOODMAN,
WHO IS O.C. TREE-FELLING



DOWN SHE GOES!

Eton boys, under instruction by two woodmen,
cutting down trees for pit-props

ETON TAKES ITS COAT OFF

LUMBER-JACKING AND DIGGING, AND EVEN
THE PLAYING-FIELDS TO BE INCLUDED



PILING THE PINE PIT-PROPS

The hathis pilin' teak in Burma's sludgy creeks do not work harder or better than these
lads, who are doing a real good job in the country's cause



CLEARING AWAY THE RUBBISH

An Upper doing his bit on the land, which has
lain derelict for years and is now being rapidly
made ready for the sowing of crops. Even
Agar's Plough is, they say, not to be spared



MR. R. WEATHERALL, THE ETON MASTER, GIVING THEM A HOEING LESSON

The organiser of this excellent scheme for putting Eton on the land was Mr. Weatherall, who is one of the science masters at Eton, and he has already a large and expert force enrolled



EXPLAINING A FEW OF THE ROOT WEED PESTS—BINDWEED, A PRINCIPAL OFFENDER

The Duke of Wellington is supposed to have said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, but however that may be, the same playing-fields and a good many other spots round and about are going to help win this scrap against another formidable foe. Eton is digging and felling trees and reclaiming land that has not been under cultivation for years, and doing it with a vengeance. The Dry Bob looks complacently on the sacrifice of Agar's Plough and Upper Club, and the Wet Bob is, as ever, pulling his weight. Already in places where the pestilent bindweed roamed at will, choking the good earth, there now exist good root crops, and a pine-wood somewhere in Bucks is being cut down and then cut up into suitable lengths for pit-props. On top of all this, a large number of the boys have volunteered for work in the factories and warehouses and the big note is super-keenness. *Floreat Etona!*

(ON RIGHT) A DIGGING TEAM ON DERELICT LAND



ONE OF THE ETON HOUSEMASTERS AND BOYS CLEARING OUT THE COMMON DITCH



THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

THERE was a letter in *The Times* the other day urging that while we should do wrong to underestimate the strength of our country's enemies, we should be on our guard against over-estimating them. I think that the cinema news-reels ought to take some note of this, and that such elements of reassurance which exist should be given full place in our news-budgets. I will not say too much about this, because the subject is complicated and thorny. Wishful thinking is bad thinking, and wishful news-reels would be bad news-reels. It would, for example, be monstrous to represent the complexion of to-day's events as being *couleur de rose*. But what I suggest ought to be avoided is the notion that rose-colour has been banished from the world for ever.

AND now to turn to something else. It has long been within the knowledge of the publishing trade that any novel about, say, Mary Queen of Scots which happens to be a success is immediately followed by five more novels having the same unfortunate lady for heroine. Whereupon your pernickety fellow, who will not take any statement at its face value, says: "The fact that the other five novels follow immediately proves that they cannot be written in imitation, for even if your expert lady-novelist can turn out a full-length romance in three months, it takes at least another three months to get the book set up, corrected, printed, bound and published. It follows, therefore, that the subject of Mary Queen of Scots must have been in the air!" One is forced to agree with this. Therefore, one ought to be chary of saying that the remarkable flood of films connected with American history of a hundred years ago is a purely imitative spate. But I find it very odd that all these films should cluster together immediately in the wake of *Gone With the Wind*. Within a fortnight of that magnum, or at any rate lengthy, opus, I saw two new films dealing with the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln.

AND now it has become difficult to turn into any picture-house by accident without being confronted by a film dealing with some such aspect of American history about the same period. *Virginia City*, at the Warner, for example, shows us what there is to be said on each side in the American Civil War. This film is very well acted by Mr. Errol Flynn as an Intelligence man in love with Miss Miriam Hopkins, a beautiful blonde spy in still more beautiful underclothing. There is some admirable scenery, and it is probable that those will find it well worth seeing who in these days are able to settle down to something so incredibly remote from present happenings. *Dark Command*, at the Regal, is another American Civil War picture, adapted from the novel by W. R. Burnett. This tells the story of how during the Civil War there was a secondary

Escaping into History

and private war taking place between Kansas and Missouri. Mr. Walter Pidgeon appears as the William Quantrell who, in actual history, it seems, sacked the town of Lawrence. In the film Quantrell, who seems to be some sort of schoolmaster, is actively pursuing the business of smuggler and freebooter, and it is Mr. John Wayne who, as the policeman, Bob Seton, puts an end to the smuggling and freebooting. Here again is what is probably an excellent picture to anyone who may be in the mood to give it proper and due attention. It's all a matter of escapism, and the trouble with these films of American history is that they provide escape into the wrong kind of field. If a man is worried about his inability to comply with the demands of his local income tax collector, I imagine that any satisfactory escape must be as remote as possible from any play, film, or book having to do with figures—by which I mean the numerical sort! Balzac was one of the world's greatest novelists—as I seem to have said before—and in each and all of his novels he insisted upon

to which I can liken this film is a football scrimmage. It is a wild and noisy mix-up of American small-town politics, a neurotic murder brought about by diminishing wages, highly powered and super-charged yellow journalism, and a tempestuous love-affair between Mr. Cary Grant and Miss Rosalind Russell. It seems to me that I have seen this film before, in the early days of the talkies. Wasn't it then called *Front Page*? Or it may be that I have somewhere seen the original play by Messrs. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. However that may be, the film is now the work of Mr. Howard Hawks, who directs,



"HIS GIRL FRIDAY," AT THE REGAL
The new Columbia production, directed by Howard Hawks, which is showing at the Regal, Marble Arch, is a thrilling story of gun-men, kidnapping and political intrigues in the newspaper world. Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell take the chief parts



RALPH BELLAMY, CARY GRANT AND ROSALIND RUSSELL
IN "HIS GIRL FRIDAY"

Cary Grant plays the part of the editor of the newspaper and Rosalind Russell that of his ex-wife and ex-star reporter, whose marriage to an insurance agent (Ralph Bellamy) he endeavours to prevent, and finally re-marries her himself

telling us exactly how many hundred-thousands of francs a year was possessed by each of his heroes. Reading this, my mind immediately begins to turn 100,000 francs into English money and to calculate the amount of income tax it involves at current rates. In other words, I should be plunged once again into my own personal worries.

It is for these reasons that I enormously approve in these times of a film like *His Girl Friday*, showing at the Regal by the time this page appears. The nearest thing

and of Mr. Charles Lederer, who wrote the screen play, and these succeed in bringing to the screen a great deal of quick and effective wit and action. And it may be said that a good deal of wit was necessary to make passable that old, old story in which some young woman kicks, cuffs and bites the young man whom she really cares for! Here again I think that the cause of escapism would have been even better served if the film had not occasionally indulged in such remarks as: "Say, you've got a much better front-page story there than what country Hitler's going to attack next!" However, *His Girl Friday* is all genuinely exciting and even, in so far as the little neurotic murderer is concerned, moving. This part is beautifully played by Mr. John Qualen. It would, of course, be useless to attempt to teach Mr. Grant anything about strong, back-chatting, not to say chattersome, heroes. But the real surprise of this film is not in its hero, but in its heroine. Miss Russell's original repertory consisted of two talents and two only—one talent for the peevish and another for the resigned. She now adds all kind of things—animation, fun, variety and even sparkle.



MARGARET RUTHERFORD AND CELIA JOHNSON

Mrs. Danvers, the cruel and jealous housekeeper, helps Mrs. de Winter prepare for the fancy-dress ball, and dresses her in the self-same frock worn by Rebecca, the first Mrs. de Winter, at the last ball held at Manderley. Stage version

"REBECCA" SIMULTANEOUSLY ON STAGE AND SCREEN



JOAN FONTAINE AND JUDITH ANDERSON

Mrs. Danvers about to play the wicked trick on young Mrs. de Winter of dressing her for the ball in Rebecca's frock. As seen in the film version of this dramatic story at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, which opened on June 28



CELIA JOHNSON, OWEN NARES, RAYMOND HUNTLEY, C. V. FRANCE, AND RONALD WARD

Jack Favell (Ronald Ward) denounces Maxim de Winter (Owen Nares) as the murderer of his wife, Rebecca, although a verdict of suicide has been returned. He was the lover of Rebecca, and has other evidence, and attempts to blackmail Maxim



LAURENCE OLIVIER, AUBREY SMITH, GEORGE SAUNDERS AND REGINALD DENNY

The part of Maxim de Winter is taken by Laurence Olivier; Colonel Julyan, Chief Constable of Cornwall, by Aubrey Smith; Jack Favell by George Saunders, and Frank Crawley, agent at Manderley, by Reginald Denny



(ON LEFT) OWEN NARES AND CELIA JOHNSON

Maxim de Winter finally confesses to his young wife that he murdered Rebecca, but that her death was made to appear the result of a drowning accident. She tells him that it makes no difference to her love for him and that they will stand together and rid their lives of the shadow of the dead woman

(ON RIGHT) LAURENCE OLIVIER AND JOAN FONTAINE

The same scene in David Selznick's film version of the very successful modern novel, "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier, directed by Alfred Hitchcock





BERT LAHR, ETHEL MERMAN, RICHARD ALDRICH, GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND NOEL COWARD

Noel Coward, recently returned to Europe in the *Yankee Clipper*, and Gertrude Lawrence, with many other stage and screen celebrities, worked hard for the success of this Ball at the Hotel Astor. They are seen with Bert Lahr, the famous film comedian; Ethel Merman, a New York musical-comedy star; and Richard Aldrich



MISS BRENDA FRAZIER

Who is at all important New York social functions. She is the daughter of British-born Mrs. Watriss, and granddaughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor, of Montreal and Nassau

ALLIED RELIEF BALL IN NEW YORK



ROBERT ROSS, VIVIEN LEIGH, LAURENCE OLIVIER AND MARGOLA GILLMORE

Were among other notables at the Ball. Vivien Leigh and her husband, Laurence Olivier, have been doing a lot of film work in Hollywood and recently played in *Romeo and Juliet* in New York



MRS. HOWARD DIETZ AT THE BALL

Was another whose work and energy helped to make the ball the success it was. She was formerly Miss Tanis Guinness, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Guinness, and was married in 1937 to Howard Dietz, who has been for many years connected with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation

(ON LEFT) ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE

Who were last seen over here, in 1938 in the English version of Jean Girardoux's brilliant comedy *Amphitryon 38*, which had a tremendous success here as it had in America. They are now appearing in Robert Sherwood's impressive play *There Shall Be No Night*, on the subject of the Russo-Finnish War





Antony Beauchamp

CAMERA AND CRAYON: LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND

The elder of Lord Darnley's two attractive daughters is one of society's younger brigade's best-knowns. At this time of great stress she is doing her bit for the country driving an ambulance. In happier times Lady Marguerite Strickland is known for her stage and cabaret work, and when she went to the States to appear in the latter form of entertainment she had a marked success. One of her cousins is Miss Jasmine Bligh, who, in the times when television was permitted, made a name for herself as an announcer hostess



THE TATLER
No. 2036, JULY 3, 1940

THE SOUTH FRONT OF LATIMER, FROM WHICH THE PARK SLOPES DOWN TO AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE MADE BY DAMMING THE RIVER CHES



LADY CHESHAM, THE CHÂTELAINE, with V...



MRS. CUNNINGHAM AND MISS WILLIAMS (RIGHT) DOING A GOOD TRADE AT A JUMBLE SALE

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 6: LATIMER,
CHESHAM,
BUCKS



LADY CHESHAM HARD AT WORK



(ON LEFT)
LADY CHESHAM,
GOUGH, THE
CHAUFFEUR, AND
SOME OF THE
CONTRIBUTIONS





"VERDICT," UNOFFICIAL WAR WORKER



WORK IN HER OFFICE



LATIMER, THE FRONT VIEW OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES IN BUCKS

Lord and Lady Chesham's home, one of the many beautiful ones in Buckinghamshire, is now a Free Wool and Comforts Store for the county regiments and for the many A.-A. and searchlight units dotted about at various spots on the map and which have a very thin time of it in cold weather and a not too bad one when glorious summer is the rule. Lady Chesham started a wool fund shortly after the outbreak of war, but later on was officially asked by Lord Cottesloe, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, to raise a free wool fund for those patriotic knitters who might not be able to afford to buy it out of their own pockets, and this was done to augment the help which had already been given by the numerous working parties in Bucks under the charge of the Hon. Mrs. Fred Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. So far Lady Chesham has managed to raise over £1200, and her organisation has produced

4000 knitted garments since January. Jumble sales, whist drives and other entertainments all help, and there have also been contributions of boxing-gloves, games and sports gear of all sorts. In happier times Latimer is a very favourite tryst of the Old Berkeley hounds, of which Lord Chesham is a former Master. Lady Chesham, a charming American, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Donoghue, of Philadelphia

(LEFT) THE BEAUTIFUL NEPTUNE FALLS ON THE CHESH

(RIGHT) MRS. GOUGH, THE CHAUFFEUR'S WIFE, AND SOME KNITTED COMFORTS



LADY CHESHAM AND MRS. LLOYD, WIFE OF THE RECTOR OF LATIMER





MOWING THE LAWN AT PRESTWICK PLACE

Valerie Hobson and her husband, Anthony Havelock-Allen, the film-producer, have a delightful Elizabethan house at Gerrard's Cross, and on warm mornings when there is no early studio work, they have an alfresco breakfast at the tree-trunk table in the garden



DIGGING FOR VICTORY

Valerie Hobson hard at work among the runner beans, which look extremely healthy. She knows that every bit of produce grown is helping the country in this hour of need, and has become a most enthusiastic gardener



ECONOMISING IN PETROL

Valerie Hobson really enjoys using a bicycle instead of a car, and finds it an excellent form of exercise. She has a smart but practical outfit for this form of sport, and is known in Gerrard's Cross as "the Cycling Star"



KNITTING BEDJACKETS FOR HOSPITALS

As another contribution to the National War Effort, Valerie Hobson always has her knitting near at hand, whether at home or in the studios

FILM-STAR AT HOME

Valerie Hobson at her
Elizabethan House in Bucks



MEXICAN HAT FOR ENGLISH SUMMER

Miss Valerie Hobson is seen wearing a Mexican style of hat, with a good outside brim, which is more than useful to wear in the garden at the lovely Elizabethan house at Gerrard's Cross, where she and her husband, Anthony Havelock-Allen, are living, within easy reach of the studios at Denham and Pinewood. Last year Valerie Hobson was one of the hardest-worked stars, and appeared in six films produced in twelve months. One particular success was the very excellent British film *Contraband*, in which she starred with Conrad Veidt. Anthony Havelock-Allen is now in hospital as the result of an accident, having been hit by a motor-lorry when bicycling to his Parashot post

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

MORALE lost, all lost; morale not lost, nothing lost. We have seen recent exemplifications of this.

The enemy has tried to destroy the morale of the British Empire. He has failed dismally. He will continue to do so. It is the job of every one of us—you, I, and the other chap—to make this great fact blaze in letters of flame. We can all do our bit—fighters, workers, and even those who, from any cause whatsoever, are supposed to be unfit: one-legged, one-eyed, three legs and a swinger, crocks and all. We can help by keeping up a high courage and setting an example to any whose nerves may have got a bit frayed at the edges. We can help by the right kind of propaganda—that is, by spreading the truth. There is no cause for fear—none whatever.

"LA FRANCE ne mords plus, elle a perdu ses dents [Sedan]." That was said during the 1870-71 war. France has lost more than her teeth in 1940.

THE present operations, all other matters apart, afford a most interesting study of that never-ending struggle, Gun *v.* Target. At the moment the Target (represented by the tank ashore and the battleship afloat) is having a bit the better of it, but every wheel comes full circle.

First of all, the arrow beat the leathern

jerkin and, in some cases, the armour of the period; then the mail and plate of Milan steel got a bit ahead of the arrow; then the bullet beat the armour, and now the tank

In view of certain things going on West of Egypt at this moment, this incident is of more than usual interest. Horsed cavalry may still get a chance of fighting in the way they understand, either there or somewhere adjacent.



Poole, Dublin

THE IRISH CLOSE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

The winner, Mr. John Burke (Castleroy, Limerick), on left, and Dr. William O'Sullivan (Killarney), whom he beat 4 and 3 at Dollymount, Dublin. Mr. Burke won in 1930-31-32-33-36, and he also won the West of Ireland Championship a few weeks ago

seems to be slightly ahead of the gun and the often-contemned battleship stands up to a heavy punch from aerial artillery. It is bound to swing the other way again, sooner or later, and after that again swing back, and so it will go on! Where the tank is concerned, the gunners seem to have got upsides at the moment by the delayed-action method.

"DORSET YEOMAN" writes me this interesting note about cavalry charges of more or less recent memory *à propos* a mention in these notes of the exploit of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman and the participation of our present Prime Minister in that exploit:

I invariably read your weekly articles in *The Tatler* with much pleasure.

In the issue of June 5 you write that there has been no Cavalry charge "since the thing the 21st Lancers did at Omdurman." Let me for once put you right. In February 1916 the Dorset Yeomanry brought off a brilliant charge against the Senussis in the Western Desert. The Senussis were several thousand strong, and were aided by machine-guns under Turkish officers. The charge was led by Colonel Souter, of the Bengal Lancers (I forget which number); probably H.M.V. 14th Murray's Lancers "S"), whose horse was killed under him whilst gallantly leading the attack. Nevertheless, this officer, with Lieut. Blakesley and Trooper Brown, of the Dorset Yeomanry, whilst thus dismounted, captured the Turkish Commander, Jafar Pasha at Askari, and all his staff. Jafar Pasha was subsequently Ambassador for Iraq at the Court of St. James's for many years, but was murdered in Baghdad in 1937 when Prime Minister. The glory of the charge of the 21st at Omdurman can never fade, but as a former Dorset Yeoman myself, I hope you will find space to record our own humble effort.

Our losses were heavy owing to machine-gun fire, but the Senussis were routed and never fought again.



RED CROSS TENNIS AT QUEEN'S

Miss Florence Desmond, Mr. Teddy Tinning, Miss Elizabeth Allan and Mrs. M. Menzies, who was in the winning women's doubles with Miss Jean Nicoll. It was all in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance and first-class at that



TWO OXFORD CENTURIONS

N. T. A. Fiennes, who got 157, and S. I. Phillips, who got 178 in the friendly match Oxford had against a British Empire XI. It was played on the Christ Church ground, in real cricket weather. Oxford carried too many guns for the opposition

"MEL" WITH THE R.A.F.



AT A ROYAL AIR FORCE STORES PARK

"Stores" include all R.A.F. equipment, and this may even mean skis, but this is not officially known. Anyway, the C.O. of this particular park is a good performer on those things in more peaceful times. We know that whatever have been the delinquencies of the past, everything is going full speed ahead to make them good. We also know that all the R.A.F. asks is to be given the material, and likewise an adequate supply of personnel. The rest we can safely leave to them

THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

War Workers in Scotland

MUCH has been written about the war effort in various Scottish counties, but for general activity, and a realistic approach to every problem, the ladies of Perthshire are proving *sans pareilles*. For example, there is Lady Mansfield, who runs the Black Watch Comforts Depot in the heart of the Black Watch country. Her presidency is no sinecure: her network admirably controlled. The Mansfields never occupied Scone Palace for any length of time; now it is a girls' school for the duration.

Another virile worker is Mrs. Stewart Stevens, the tenth Lady of Balnakeilly, which has been in her family since 1545. She was the first to volunteer for the A.T.S. in this neighbourhood, and has been an enthusiast ever since Munich. Her rank is Junior Commandant in Perthshire, the Group Commandant for the Scottish Command being Lady Maud Baillie. Mrs. Stevens' unit is attached to the Scottish Horse, whose Colonel-Commandant, the Duke of Atholl, raised this regiment in the Boer War. The 10th Perthshire are proud of having been the first in Scotland to wear tartan skirts, which look very well indeed with khaki jackets. Major Stewart Stevens, who has been on sick leave from a staff job, gained staff experience as an A.D.C. during the Occupation of the

Rhineland, which semblance of victory we easy-going British threw sportingly away, as the Prime Minister reminded us on the wireless. Apart from her military duties, the Lady of Balnakeilly has four children to "mind"—as the Scots put it—two by her first marriage, one by her present husband, and one stepson, Jocelyn, who

the Observer Corps, is one of the most popular, and has been nicknamed "Constance Spry" for her flower decorations. Her parents, the Chinnery-Haldanes of Gleneagles, had Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones staying with them and helping locally. She returned from visiting relatives in Newfoundland at a time when many

people with kin over there are travelling in the reverse direction—for example, Mrs. Eric Bowater and her infant daughter have sailed for Newfoundland, where her husband has business links in the paper trade; and Mrs. George Sclater-Booth has returned to her native United States with her infant son, a future Lord Basing. But Lady Beatty's American sons are remaining here.

Mrs. Muir of Braco sometimes "blows over" to the Gleneagles Hotel. Arriving on a push-bike with a much-envied motor attachment, she goes round giving away packets of cigarettes; and the Duchess of Atholl's interesting conversation is also appreciated. More Perthshire workers include that handsome bachelor girl, Ena Boreland, of the winter sports fraternity, who is now an agricultural organiser.

Aberdeenshire and Elsewhere

CRATHES CASTLE is another busy centre. Its owner, General Sir James Burnett of Leys, who won the nickname

(Continued on page 26)



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY

The Duchess of Kent is receiving a bouquet of Alexandra roses from one of the nurses at the St. George's Hospital Rose Day Depot, one of the many inspected on her tour in London on June 25. Her Royal Highness, who is Chairman of the Appeal, wore a delightful hat with a brim resembling rose-petals. The sale of roses was on an immense scale, and the amount collected should prove very large



FIRST SEA LORD'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound and Lady Pound announce the engagement of their only daughter, Barbara, to Lieut. D. R. Duff, elder son of Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Duff, of Var Trees, Moreton, Dorset. Sir Dudley Pound was appointed First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff in 1939

is Edward Hulton's only nephew.

Perthshire Workers

MY Perthshire correspondent met Mrs. Foster of Faskally, who is on the Food Control Committee for Perthshire, and Captain Thomson Royds, R.S.F., while going over to Gleneagles Hotel, now busy war-working. Mrs. "Toby" Musker (Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton) was there until her engagement, and several charmers remain, including Miss Mary Merrilees of Garth, which bonny property is situated in Glen Lyon. She has a brother in the Black Watch, an elder sister with whom she went about a lot in pre-war London, and attractive hair, done like Garbo's. Other workers are Lorna Wedderburn, who has a brother-in-law in the Black Watch, and Sylvia Innes, whose brother got the D.F.C. shortly before he was killed in action. Lorna Wedderburn's musical career had to be given up on the outbreak; she was learning to sing in Munich, and has a truly beautiful voice. Another is Mrs. Hugh Harris, whose husband is a sheep farmer in those parts and a member of



SUB-LIEUT. THE HON. COLIN AND MRS. STAMP

Who were married on June 26 at Beckenham. Sub-Lieutenant the Hon. Colin Stamp is the youngest son of Lord Stamp, the economist and Chairman of the L.M.S., and the bride was Miss Althea Dawes, of Chicago, a relative of General Dawes, former American Ambassador in London



MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR PEARCE
SEROCOLD

The bridegroom's father—an Etonian like his son—was a very well-known officer of the 60th. The Hon. Mrs. Pearce Seroold is an aunt of Lord Stanley of Alderley. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cohen. The wedding was on June 11, at St. Martin's in the Fields



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALAN D'ARCY MOUNT
A St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding. The bridegroom, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. H. L. Mount, is a Sapper. The bride is the only daughter of the late Mr. J. Barnett Gow, and of Mrs. Barnett Gow



MR. AND MRS. FRANK MILTON
Another Sapper wedding, and it was held at the Caxton Hall Register Office. The bride is the elder daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean



(ON LEFT) MR. AND MRS. R. F. STOREY
Leaving St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, where they were married by the Rev. W. H. Elliott. The bride was Miss Pamela Cuthbertson, daughter of the late Mr. Hedley Cuthbertson, and of Mrs. Francis Follett

SOME RECENT WAR WEDDINGS



(BELOW)

MR. AND MRS.
JOHN MELLOR

Both the bride and bridegroom hail from the Isle of Wight, Bembridge being the particular town. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. Graham Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt. The wedding was at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate



CAPTAIN AND MRS. FRANCIS POWELL-BRETT
Their wedding was at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. The bridegroom is a Warwickshire man and a Gunner, his abode being Meriden House, Warwickshire. The bride was Miss Peggy Sinclair, daughter of Mr. Neil Sinclair, the famous surgeon, and Mrs. Sinclair

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN KING
The bride is "B. P.'s" and Lady Baden-Powell's elder daughter. The Chief Scout is unfortunately away at his house, Paxtu, in Kenya, so was unable to be present at Bentley Parish Church, Hants, where the wedding took place



THE HOME FRONT—continued

"Maxim" many years ago for the expressive rattle of his clever talk, is making himself eminently useful. The Government department concerned took a lot of trouble to guard valuable pictures, etc., at Crathes from wear and tear. My correspondent adds this story of a casualty somewhere in Scotland who made a surprisingly slow

permissible for lady guests in Scottish houses to merely knit or gossip. You must paint the gates, feed the animals, take the letters to the bus to catch the post, exercise the children (home-grown and evacuated varieties), wait at meals, and do a share of washing-up. Ever-hospitable Scotswomen are making great efforts to entertain the

Forces. N.O.s on leave are described as "perfectly delightful; grateful for anything we can do, but some young soldiers in training have annoyed the neighbourhood very much by their casual and bumptious manners. They mostly come from—" (in England). The old racial trouble, no doubt.

Red Cross Sale

THE Red Cross Sale for sick and wounded (headquarters, 149 Park Lane) opens at Christie's, King Street, St. James's on Monday, July 8th. 140,000 gifts have been received, ranging from a simple gold

stud or broken cuff-link to magnificent diamond necklaces, tiaras; articles of great beauty and historic value; museum pieces; pictures by great masters; old and modern MSS. by famous authors;

and rare books. In this great and unique act of unselfish giving, peer and peasant have vied with each other's generosity. So many in the vast multitude of gifts have been adjudged suitable for auction in the world-famous sale-rooms that Christie's have been obliged to extend the sale over fourteen days—an unheard-of innovation. Beginning with jewellery and gems, each day will have apportioned its lot of different treasures. Enquiries from bidders are coming in from all over the British Isles, and, as the situation has worsened, enquiries from America have intensified correspondingly. Christie's generously signal a preview on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 4, 5 and 6.

Nothing will go to Christie's that has not been authenticated by experts. For weeks men whose names are household words in artistic, literary and dramatic circles in two hemispheres have scrutinised the incoming tide of objects. Colin Agnew looking at pictures; Sir Eric (Victoria and Albert) MacLagan at *objets d'art*; Sir Hugh Walpole and Edward Knoblock at books; Mr. Ernest Maggs at MSS.; plus the diamond, the pearl, and the gold men, were an interesting collection in themselves. The genuine joy of each and all at making a "find" has been delightful, and Sir Courtauld Thomson, the chairman, uncanny in his expert knowledge of everything, is as pleased to receive a row of saucepans from a poor old lady as a glittering necklace.

Conscientious women helpers include Lady Cambridge, energetic Lady Willingdon, Lady Hudson, Lady Baddeley and Mrs. Gordon ("Cuckoo") Leith. Hour after hour Lady Cambridge writes individual letters of thanks; Lady Baddeley accepts gifts all day long, from rich and poor, with understanding and charm; and Lady Willingdon, in an overall of her favourite mauve, sorts silver, porcelain and glass; wheeling the boxes on a trolley along corridors.

Warning to West-enders

BURGLARS are taking advantage of absentees and of early hours. Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower had several fur coats stolen while she was in the Isle of Wight, and Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart was robbed the other night by a pair of well-spoken, masked young men who cut the telephone wires, covered her with a revolver, and took nearly an hour to ransack her bedroom in Mount Street. Unfortunately, her jewellery was on the dressing-table, ready to hand in case of an air-raid warning. She tells me they took every single valuable, including her cigarette-case and small cash, and then demanded her diamond solitaire literally at the point of a revolver.



THE WEDDING OF THE SON OF THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH AT ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL

Mr. Henry Steele, son of the Lord Provost and Mrs. Steele, was married in Edinburgh's Cathedral to Miss Jean Inverarity Allison, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Allison, of Edinburgh. The bridegroom is a subaltern in the Royal Artillery. In the group are (l. to r.) Miss Margaret Bryson and Miss Jean Waugh, attendants; the bride and bridegroom; 2nd Lieutenant W. D. Emslie, R.A., the best man; Mrs. R. R. Calder and Miss Emily Dick, the two other attendants

recovery. Trying to find what was "keeping him back," doctors and nurses suggested he should write to his family and tell them to come and cheer him up. He seemed terrified, and said, "No, please, not that"; and eventually disclosed that, having seen some notepaper with the name of a famous asylum on the heading, he had concluded he was "bats," and did not want his family to know.

Mrs. Vaughan-Lee (whose husband was a contemporary in the Blues of Irene Mann-Thomson's father) is an Aberdeenshire hospital worker. Both her daughters are in the F.A.N.Y. Lady Grant of Monymusk has been active for some months; other houses are still at the ready. A serious-minded pair who do their bit with gusto are Captain and Mrs. Keith Caldwell of Innesheaven. He was a game-warden in Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo; a man of towering strength and personality. A first-class shot, he has often been one of the guns at Balmoral. Though small and smart, Mrs. Caldwell has accompanied him on all his travels, and she actually recognised her pet elephant in the Belgian Congo film *Dark Rapture*.

The Moors

IT is said that many moors will be inaccessible from lack of petrol, unless supplementary rations are granted, as no doubt they will be in view of the food-value of grouse. (Glendye is one famous moor, which lies many miles from anywhere.) The most delightful and carefree Highlander to-day is Lord Reidhaven, aged fourteen months, who, to quote his father, Derek Studley-Herbert, "already throws a pretty brick or ball." He is with his parents at Cullen House. Note: it is no longer



A DOUBLE CHRISTENING IN LONDON

The place was St. Pancras Church, London; the principal performers concerned the son of Lord and Lady Gifford, who was given the names of Anthony Maurice, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Terence Gwyer, who was named Merrin. Mrs. Gwyer is the daughter of the Speaker in the New South Wales Parliament, and it was in N.S.W. that Lord and Lady Gifford first met when Lord Gifford was an A.D.C. on Sir Philip Game's staff when he was Governor of New South Wales (1930-35). Lord Gifford acted as godfather to Mrs. Gwyer's daughter. The names (l. to r.) in the picture are: Mrs. Eric Walmsley, a proxy godmother; Mrs. Gwyer and her daughter, and Lord and Lady Gifford and their son



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WHAT is the best kind of sleep? . . . It is sleep which completely restores the nervous system, replaces spent energy and builds up reserves of vitality. It is sleep which repairs and rebuilds the tired tissues and worn cells of the body and brain.

There are definite reasons why 'Ovaltine' is pre-eminent as a bedtime beverage. Although entirely free from drugs, 'Ovaltine' has the special property of quickly inducing sleep. And while you sleep, its complete nourishment is easily assimilated, building up new reserves of energy and restoring body, brain and nerves.

Remember, also, that 'Ovaltine' possesses exceptional nerve-building properties which are of particular value to you in these nerve-wearing days. These properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs which are liberally used in the manufacture of 'Ovaltine.' **No tonic food beverage could be complete without eggs.**

For these reasons, make 'Ovaltine' your bedtime beverage every night. It will bring you sleep from which you awake fully refreshed and revitalised, and well able to face the problems of these trying days with confidence and cheerfulness.

But be sure you insist on 'Ovaltine'—there is definitely nothing like it. Obviously, it would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine,' which is sold at the lowest price consistent with the quality and benefits it provides.

*Remember—Ovaltine Sleep
is obtained only from Ovaltine*

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Prepared from Nature's finest foods, 'Ovaltine' supplies the carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts and other essential food elements needed to maintain robust health. Its vitamin content is also outstanding.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A LITTLE man was sitting in an Underground train, with his gas-mask on the seat beside him, when a woman weighing about fifteen stone plopped down beside him, smashing the cardboard box containing the mask. She apologised profusely, but the little man would not be appeased. Then a voice behind him said consolingly:

"Cheer up, mate. It could 'ave been worse. Your face might 'ave been in it."



"Are you standin' in an 'ole?"

THERE had been heavy rain, and the camp, "somewhere in England," was flooded when this conversation took place.

"Blimey, it's like the Deluge."

"Like the what?"

"Ain't you read about the Deluge and Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat?"

"No, we've been practically cut off here for three days, and 'aven't 'ad no papers."

ONE from America:

From Mrs. Donahue's flat on the lower West Side came piercing screams and wails for help. So into the flat ran Mrs. Gilhooly, her neighbour.

On the sofa was La Donahue, a very bruised and battered lady. Mrs. Gilhooly needed no explanation. It was extremely obvious that the head of the Clan Donahue had grown angry with his wife again, and handed her a few lumps to remember him by.

Mrs. Gilhooly shook her head sadly. "So he's done it again, has he?" she cried. "This must be the tenth time he has beaten you like this."

Mrs. Donahue wept openly. "It's the twelfth time," she sobbed, "but this is the worst of all. He says now that he ain't comin' back to me!"

THE young lady from college was explaining.

"Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base with some suitable pointed instrument, and a corresponding one in the apex. Then, by applying the lips to one aperture and forcibly exhaling the breath, discharge the shell of its contents."

"Well, well," said the farmer's wife, who was listening, "it beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a girl, we just made a hole in each end and blew."

HE had had a good "night out" at his club, and went to the terminus to catch his last bus home—a No. 8.

But the result of his many little drinks was that he saw three No. 8 buses. As he clambered aboard the first, he said to the conductor: "You're—hic—busy to-night. Not often there's three No. 8's here!"

The conductor stared at him, and then, recognising the symptoms, replied seriously: "That's right, mate. Fact is, since we've started the convoy system on this line we haven't lost a single bus."

"JUST fancy that!" exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our 'Erbert for hittin' the sergeant. They've made him a court-martial!"

AN English soldier and a German soldier were sitting together on the frontier. The Englishman asked: "What will you do when the war is ended?"

"Oh," replied the German, "I will have a trip on my bicycle all around Germany."

"Yes," answered the Englishman, "but what will you do in the afternoon?"

A farmer turned into his gate recently and met a tramp coming out.

He gave the tramp a friendly grin, and the latter mistook him for another wanderer in quest of a free meal.

"Say, buddy," the tramp confided, "don't go in there. The cooking's not much!"

THE sailor had shore leave, and to reach the streets he had to pass the dock-yard gates, where a Customs officer was on duty to make sure that nothing was smuggled ashore. Approaching the officer, the sailor said politely, "Will it be all right for me to bring some tobacco ashore to-morrow?"

"If you try to bring out more than the regulations allow," said the officer grimly, "you'll be arrested."


The sailor thanked him and went on. Next day he appeared again and, on passing through the gates was stopped by the Customs officer, who demanded: "Where's that tobacco?"

The sailor grinned broadly. "I brought it ashore yesterday," he said.

"LOOK 'ere," said the cavalry N.C.O. to the particularly dense recruit, "'ow often 'ave I got to tell yer not to approach an 'orse from be'ind without speakin' to 'im? One of these days, my lad, you'll get a kick on the 'ead, and I'll be left with a lame 'orse on me 'ands!"



"O.K., Bert. If that's 'ow you feel, you go your way and I'll go mine!"

*Summer*

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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART



THE C.O. WATCHING A FLIGHT OF LOCKHEED "HUDSONS"
OFF TO HELIGOLAND



A LOCKHEED "HUDSON" UNDER FIRE: THE WHITE STREAKS
OF TRACER BULLETS CAN BE SEEN



THE PILOT OF THE FLIGHT-LEADER LOOKING AFT TO SEE
IF ANY DAMAGE HAS BEEN CAUSED

These dramatic pictures tell the story of a formation of American-built Lockheed "Hudsons" in an action patrol near Borkum, Heligoland, and the Danish coast, and were taken whilst our aircraft were actually under fire. This in itself is a fine record. The story of the raid an even finer one. The weather forced the formation to fly at only 200 ft. above the sea for a large part of the patrol. When the 'planes came under fire of the German *Flak* ships they had to make a steep climb to avoid the shells from the Archies. The squadron to which these particular aircraft belong, many of them piloted by men from the Dominions, has flown over 7500 hours and covered nearly a million miles

Conversation Piece

WITH members of his Majesty's forces it has become almost impossible for the ordinary civilian—however venerable and weighed down with years—to prevent a conversation piece from going to pieces. The reason is the wide scope of the subject matter which must now be looked upon as forbidden. I beseech officers and men to remember this when they suspect standoffishness or lack of appreciation. The ordinary courtesies and small talk with which it is possible to make conversation between strangers are out of bounds. The most natural ones are often the most dangerous. "Where are you stationed now?" and "What sort of weather have you been having?" spring to the lips and must hastily be thrust back. If you know that the man you are talking to has just been in a big air battle, you dare not ask him about it or even allude to it.

It is necessary to learn a new technique of small talk and it is exceedingly difficult to do. Meanwhile, officers and men should know that the wish to be hospitable and to show sympathy and admiration is always there, but that conversation conditions are such that it is almost impossible to demonstrate it. If one seeks a universal subject like the weather, one comes on food and love. But remarks about food might be interpreted as an attempt to spy out the rations. Perhaps during wartime conversation pieces we shall have to look to love to make the words go round. It is a subject that has not yet been tried in this country. It might prove fruitful.

Caution

AS the battle of France drew to a close with the negotiations at Compiègne, we gathered ourselves together in this country to meet the next assault, and especially the assault from the air. We had a few raids during the week of the Compiègne negotiations and, as ever, the Royal Air Force showed itself quick and skillful in tackling the raiders. But it is sad to think that our air fighters are no longer defending French soil, where their fathers fought so well. In fact, the tragedy of France overrun by the Germans is hard indeed to bear. That beautiful and bountiful country, where art and civilisation flourished as nowhere else on earth, where good taste and the standards of appreciation are higher than anywhere, is overrun by a people without taste or culture. Let us always remember—no matter what terms

the French are forced to accept—our duty to restore France to the French.

Above all, let us avoid recriminations. We could accuse the French of shortcomings; they could, with even greater justice, accuse us of shortcomings in the present struggle. The truth is that these two humane civilisations were simply incapable of visualising total and ruthless war before it fell upon them. That the battle of France was lost is the fault only of those who failed to give or to heed the warnings of what was to come from Germany; of those who persisted, in the face of proof to the contrary, in believing in the goodwill of the Germans. It was not the fault of the two peoples. So now the duty of everybody in this country is to refuse to listen to recriminations and to rebuke those who repeat them. Anglo-French solidarity will be subjected to intense attacks by the Germans; but whatever the official statements, it must not be allowed to be so much as shaken.

Output

I liked that exchange of messages between the workers in our aircraft factories and the Royal Air Force the other day. The workers have been going without rest or recreation to beat up the output, and have succeeded magnificently. The result is that not only have losses been made good, but the size of the air force is growing. I should like to put it to everyone concerned with our wartime air effort, that that effort is likely to play the dominant part in securing victory. We see from the map how impossible is any move of a conventional kind. The Allies, in order to win, must develop a new and far more advanced war technique than that with which Hitler surprised some people (though by no means all, as the writings of Général Georges de Gaulle testify) when he invaded the Netherlands.

Our war, the war with which this war will be ended and the Hitler régime conquered, must be a more-than-machine war, it must be a scientists' war. We must seek out, develop quickly and use the utmost limits of human knowledge to-day in the defeat of the enemy. Not only secret weapons, but secret methods of using them and combining them with existing weapons must be devised. To the man who studies the scope of modern engineering and the scope of the physicists' researches, with an eye to their use in war, the possibilities for coming back at the enemy with overwhelming strength are innumerable. We shall realise those possibilities.



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good looks are not enough”*

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The Way of the War—(Continued from page 4)

can be surprisingly un-ambassadorial in his handling of a situation even where a monarch is concerned. Sir Archibald Wavell, the British Commander-in-Chief on the spot, is also a man with whom it is dangerous to trifle; especially where the valour of the British Army is concerned. It is probable that these factors combined to convince King Farouk that the British are out to win the war in the Mediterranean in a big way, and were likely to be successful in their campaign.

Affairs at the Admiralty

Most helpful in this respect would be a convincing demonstration, either in the Mediterranean or elsewhere, of the Navy's ability to seize some important initiative. It cannot be denied that the loss of the aircraft carrier *Glorious*, followed by the failure of the fleet to deal faithfully with the *Scharnhorst* created a thoroughly bad impression both at home and abroad. Searching questions are being asked in and around Westminster. Why was *Glorious* allowed to sail through dangerous waters protected solely by two destroyers? Where were the ships of the battle fleet which could have polished off the inferior German vessels which sank her and her valuable personnel? Where, too, was the fleet that it could not make contact with the *Scharnhorst* as she limped towards home? This was no job for aircraft.

There is a strong feeling that there is something wrong with the direction of affairs at the Admiralty; that too much attention is being paid to the importance of preserving the battle fleet in being and too little to despatching it to its proper, if hazardous, tasks. As the risk of attempted invasion of Britain draws closer these criticisms are assuming a more urgent character. In short, there is a growing conviction that Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord, should hasten to obtain the appointment of a new Chief of Naval Staff. The men best fitted to the more political problems of peace are not necessarily the best men to direct operations in war.

Young Blood Needed

Everywhere one goes in these days one finds a growing demand for infusion of still younger blood into the control of our affairs; and by this is not meant men of forty-five to fifty but of even more youthful vigour. Even at a more sedate stage in our national affairs men came to high Cabinet rank in their early thirties. One such is Prime Minister today. Yet in a world living, working and now fighting at ever-increasing tempo the tendency has become all the other way.

On the battlefield our young generals have shown themselves not only to be men of immense courage but of real military skill and infinite energy and resource. Broad hints are being passed around that Viscount Gort, though he may one day lead another expeditionary force on to the Continent, should meantime be employed in a position of much greater responsibility in organizing the defence of Britain. In Sir John Dill we now have a first-rate C.I.G.S. For his commanders in the field he requires men of practical experience, great energy and, above all, extreme discretion and reserve. We have already had too much proof of the extent to which careless words can lead to information reaching the enemy.

America—and Japan

Speeches at the Republican Convention in the United States have been in strong confirmation of the tendencies indicated in these notes last week. The first shock of realization that France was out of the war, which gave a stimulus to those who urge "Isolationism" and "Hemispherical Defence," gave place to an increasing awareness that America must strain every nerve to arm those who are fighting her battles in Europe. Before the convention had got fully into its stride Japan had forced another war issue to the front. She was challenging white interests on the East Asiatic continent and thereby touching one of America's most tender spots. Allied sea preoccupations in Europe and Africa are such that Japan could hardly be treated sufficiently firmly unless America was prepared to approve an embargo and back it up with her own fleet. This was the precise problem which faced Washington while the Republicans were plumping for maximum help to the Allies, but no participation in the war. Japan's action may have been calculated to influence the American attitude at a critical moment, but was more probably dictated primarily by a desire to take advantage of British embarrassments in order to reduce Chinese powers of resistance.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Do It Now

IF air-borne enemy troops succeed in landing in this country, their most pressing need will be to secure transport. True, a few may be parachuted with folding bicycles or autocycles, but the majority will attempt to seize bicycles, cars or motor bicycles from public or private garages. And that's why we've been warned repeatedly to immobilize our cars and cycles by day and night, hide our spare petrol, if any, and conceal our maps. The very least a citizen can do is to obey these orders now. And yet I still find owners who are either too stupid or too casual even to immobilize their cars at night. In Germany neglect of orders is instantly punishable by fine or imprisonment, and if the people of this country continue to ignore instructions they will only have themselves to thank if the law is tightened up and they're punished for their slackness.

Motoring in Germany

In this country we are fortunate to be allowed to use a private car at all. For in Germany all private motoring was stopped at the outbreak of war and the only journeys allowed are those made in the national interest. For every journey of this type the driver has to visit the local council and obtain enough petrol for that journey. When it comes to long-distance journeys the situation is that no petrol whatsoever is available and travellers are forced to go by train. This frees the main roads for the use of military traffic. The interpretation of the regulation relating to the use of a car in the national interest is very strict. It might even be considered an offence to take a passenger on the permitted journey or to stop at a hotel or place of amusement *en route*. Even the operations of taxicabs are controlled, and it would be deemed an offence if a taxi was used for going to the station with a traveller who was able to carry his luggage by hand. Any one convicted of these offences is fined and may have his name published as a "public enemy."

Another offence is the neglect to keep one's car in serviceable condition even although it may be laid up, as indeed are some 85 per cent of the private cars in Germany. Such items as tyres and batteries are practically the property of the State and as such are supposed to be declared and then handed in to a service station. It seems possible, too, that it will not be long before such accessories as dynamos, starters and other electrical fittings will be treated in the same way. Even with these rules in force many private cars that have been laid up for the duration seem to be going to rack and ruin, and especially does this apply to those that have been left to rot in the open.

The huge works designed for the mass production of the People's Car has now been completed and is said to be manufacturing tanks. Despite this, the workers are still compelled to maintain their instalments for the purchase of the cars unless they wish to forfeit their eventual chance of owning one.

Motor Works' Magnificent Response

WHILE we read and are told of the magnificent response of our munition-making army to the call for increased production, it is doubly refreshing to hear the same story from the inside. So when I was in the Midlands recently I made some inquiries as to the moral in factories there. In every case the answer was the same—that the men, and women too, were going absolutely full out and that opinion was granite hard to maintain this stupendous effort. In the last war, you may remember, there was a tendency towards disputes or Bolshevism in some factories, but today there is not a sign of this canker.

One of my friends in the trade made an excellent suggestion for keeping this flame of patriotic effort at full blast and also for showing this army in overalls that their work was appreciated. His idea was that officers and men who had distinguished themselves on land, sea or in the air should visit the factories and give the work people some first-hand information about the war. This form of liaison between the factory and the field would do an immense amount of good by letting the work people know how the things they made were helping in the war and the importance of their doing the job not only with the greatest amount of speed but also with the highest degree of accuracy.



SAFE RETURN OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH AMBULANCE CORPS
Colonel J. Baldwin-Webb, honorary secretary of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps is seen with Mrs. Doris Bentley, a member of the unit which has been working with the French Army, after her arrival at a British port. The other women drivers of her section have all returned safe and sound after a long period of considerable peril and hardship in France

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

WOMEN as well as men are so accustomed to associate Burberry's, in the Haymarket, with tailored coats, suits and Service uniforms that they overlook the fact that they specialize in accessories which make ideal gifts. For instance, there is the marabou cape above, lined with Shetland wool, also bags and scarves

HOUSE and breakfast gowns are in the news today; therefore Burberry's have designed and carried out the model portrayed on the left. It is of printed marocain, cleverly gathered on the shoulders to give a becoming fullness in front. The modified bell sleeves have much to be said in their favour. There are other wrappers of printed shantung and silk crêpe



HERE is an altogether charming dress from Fenwick's, 63 New Bond Street; it is simply asking for uniform to be cast aside for a few hours. The sleeves and skirt are of check gingham, the corsage being plain, and although the sleeves are puffed the price is only 29s. 6d. in green-and-white, blue-and-white, or red-and-white. There are shady coarse straw hats destined to be seen in conjunction with these frocks. Grain crêpe shirt dresses with slightly pouched backs are 69s. 6d. For the débutante there is the new Budget Department, the prices which prevail being 49s. 6d., 59s. 6d. and 69s. 6d. It solves the problem of many who are engaged in war work and need something simple when they are off duty



Photographs by Hugh White

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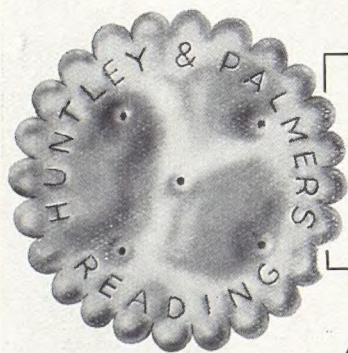
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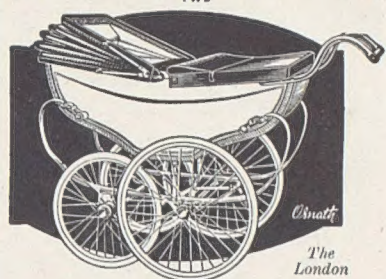
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